



## Ballads of the Dead Year

### Peace

Now all the world's at peace, dear,  
On this, our New Year's Day,  
Yes, all the world's at peace, dear,  
Except the U. S. A.  
The blessed dove has come, dear,  
And driven war away,  
Though still the battle drum, dear,  
Sounds in the U. S. A.  
But though they are at peace, dear,  
And war with us holds sway,  
They fight and do not cease, dear—  
But not the U. S. A.

### Sunday

Here the News that's going,  
Great big movement growing,  
Going to have a Sunday like the Pilgrim  
Fathers had.  
No more Sunday playing,  
Any one caught straying  
Will be popped into the cooler for a bad,  
bad lad.

Oh Sunday!  
How I wish it was Monday,  
For that is one day  
That I detest!  
Oh dearie  
But Sunday is dreary,  
And I grow weary  
Of all that rest.

Everybody walking,  
Even streetcars balking,  
Unless you have a ticket to your pew in church,  
Sunday dyed with blueing,  
Nothing, nothing doing,  
And if you have a pack of cards they'll come  
and search.

Oh Sunday!  
But you are a dun day  
When old Mrs. Grundy  
Puts on her best.  
Oh brighteyes!  
I may live till the sunrise,  
But tell the live guys  
I died of rest.

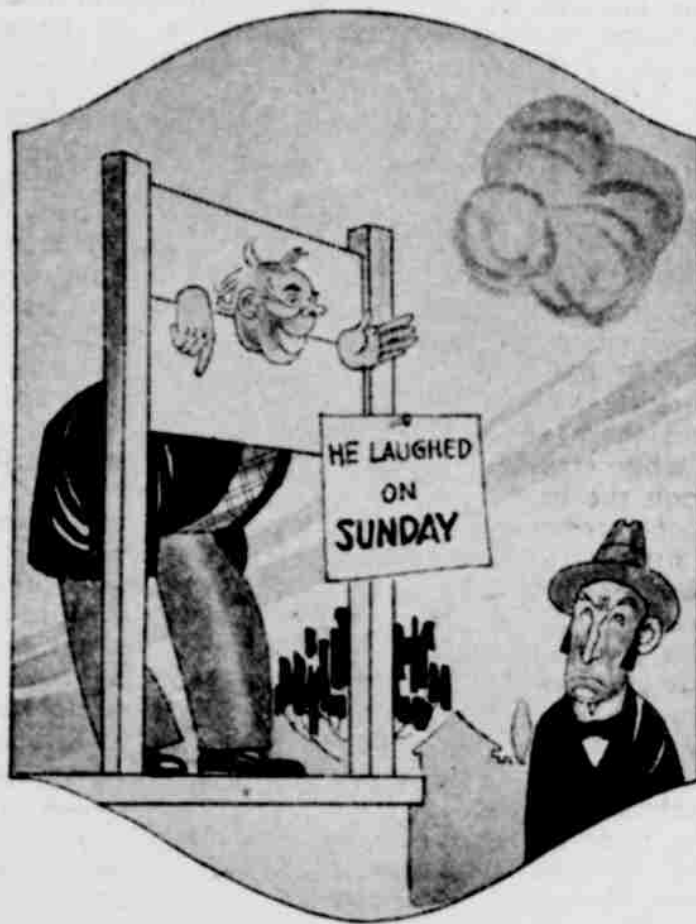
### Ships

The ships that float the Starry Flag  
They must have keels of gold,  
And every one of them can brag  
A diamond-studded hold.  
Oh, what is there that we should dread,  
That we should scrimp and hoard?  
A billion? Here, just take it, said  
The U. S. Shipping Board.

Oh spend and spend and spend and spend,  
There's more than we can use,  
Just pass the money to a friend—  
He wins, you cannot lose.  
For folks may cry and folks may rail  
In dissonant accord,  
But nobody will go to jail,  
Averred the Shipping Board.

If someone tries to find the dough  
And where the billions went,  
There's not a soul on earth will know  
How anything was spent.  
The war was won, we won the war.  
The public can afford  
A billion less, a billion more—  
What's that to us, The Board?

By JOHN BENSON



### Ireland

Saint Patrick was an Irish saint,  
He drove the snakes away,  
And Ireland was a quiet place  
In good St. Patrick's day.

Each morning then would sally forth  
A thousand Irish kings,  
With followers all fully armed  
With swords and clubs and things.

At every crossroads they would stand  
And tunk each other's beans,  
To music of the cheering of  
A flock of fair colleens.

At eve they gathered up the chunks  
And carted them away,  
Refreshed themselves and rested then,  
To fight another day.

Those peaceful days of yore are gone,  
Alas, woe's me, alack!  
And everybody wishes now  
That they could bring them back.

### Prohibition

The bootlegger slinks in the gloaming,  
And the rum runners run in the night  
Where once the malt liquors were foaming  
Quite openly out in the light.  
A year by the law of the nation  
We've all been as dry as can be,  
Though there has been much agitation  
Because of the high price of ski.

The rum runner sits in his mansion,  
The bootlegger rides in his car,  
And think of their fortunes' expansion  
And just how much dryer we are.  
They're strong for the law of the nation,  
The boys that take all they can get,  
And hope till the end of creation  
We never again will be wet.

### Lenin

There's a tough, hard fighting burly  
Ruling over Moscow town,  
And they fight him late and early  
But they cannot pull him down.  
You may hate him, execrate him,  
He's the enemy of right.  
But you've got to hand it to him  
That the beggar sure can fight.

### Taxes

Taxes on your drinking, taxes on your food,  
Taxes on your clothing and you can't go nude,  
Taxes when you're walking, taxes when you ride,  
Taxes on the bridegroom and upon the bride.

Taxes on the chickens, taxes on the cow,  
Taxes on the eggs in the old haymow.  
Taxes on your income, taxes on your breath,  
Tax you while you're living, and then tax your death.

### Venizelos

There was a chap named Venizelos,  
He was the savior of his land!  
All acclaimed this Venizelos  
Wonderful, superb and grand!  
He was a statesman and a scholar,  
He was the idol of the Greeks,  
Hark to the multitudes that holler  
When this Venizelos speaks.

One day the Greeks held an election,  
Old man Venizelos ran,  
Votes that he got defied detection,  
For they couldn't find the man.  
Smashed their idol in the polling—  
Never heard that he was that—  
Set the old steam roller rolling,  
Squashed poor Venizelos flat.

### Baseball

Scandal, scandal, my, my, my!  
Baseball's got a big black eye.  
Game's been bought and sold and all,  
Stuff's all off with old baseball.  
Never care to see or hear—  
What did Babe Ruth hit this year?

Scandal, scandal, oh, oh, oh!  
Baseball's rotten, got to go.  
Stars have gone and thrown their game,  
Plunged it fathoms deep in shame.  
Nothing in the sport to stir—  
What! Ty Cobb a manager?

### Normalcy

Old-fashioned ways,  
Old-fashioned days,  
How it delights us  
To give them our praise.  
How soft they look,  
Times we forsook,  
Future affrights us—  
Let's turn back the book.

Long winter nights,  
Kerosene lights,  
Climb to the attic  
Up three gloomy flights.  
Dear station hack,  
Roads soft and black,  
Oh, joy ecstatic,  
If they should come back.

